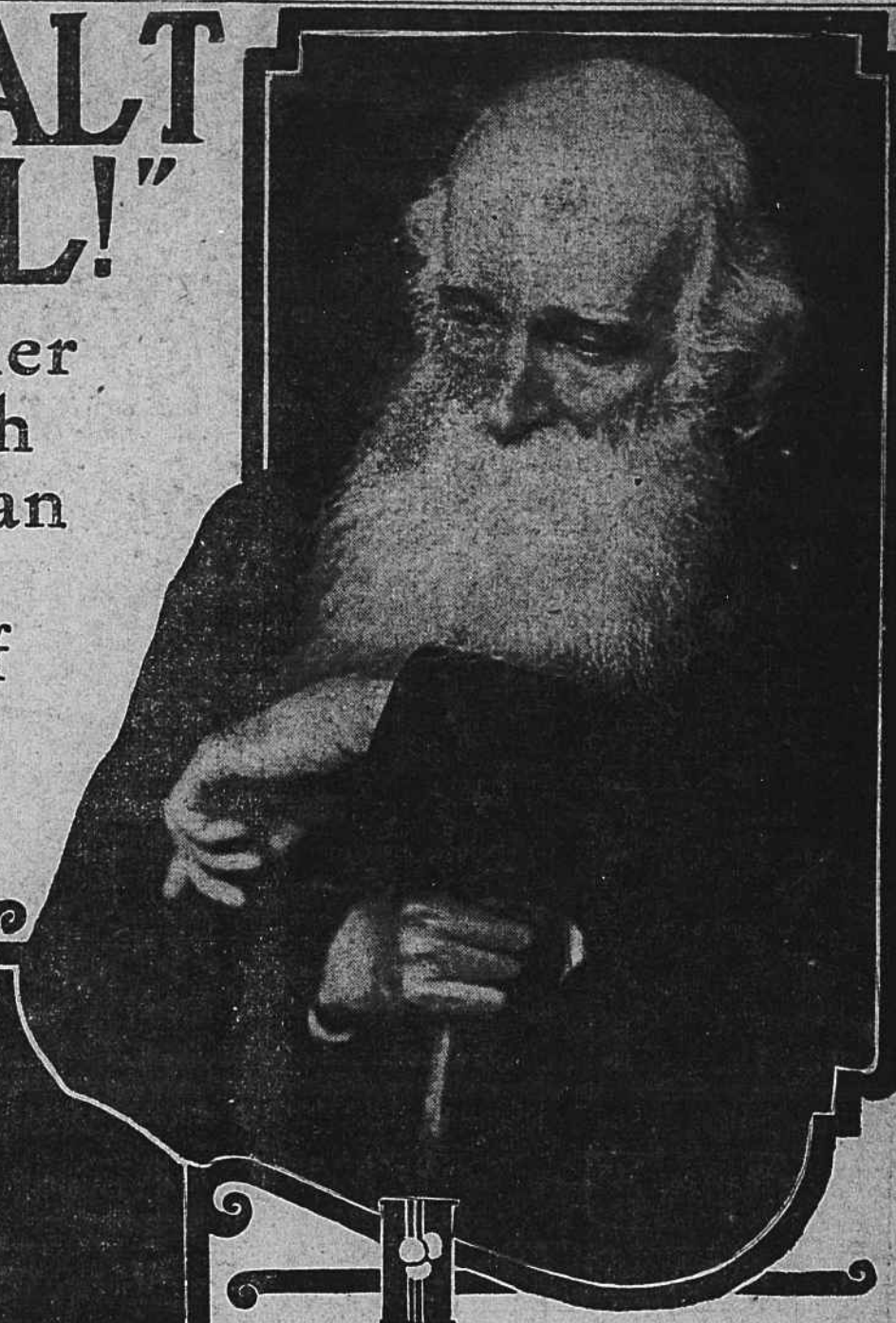
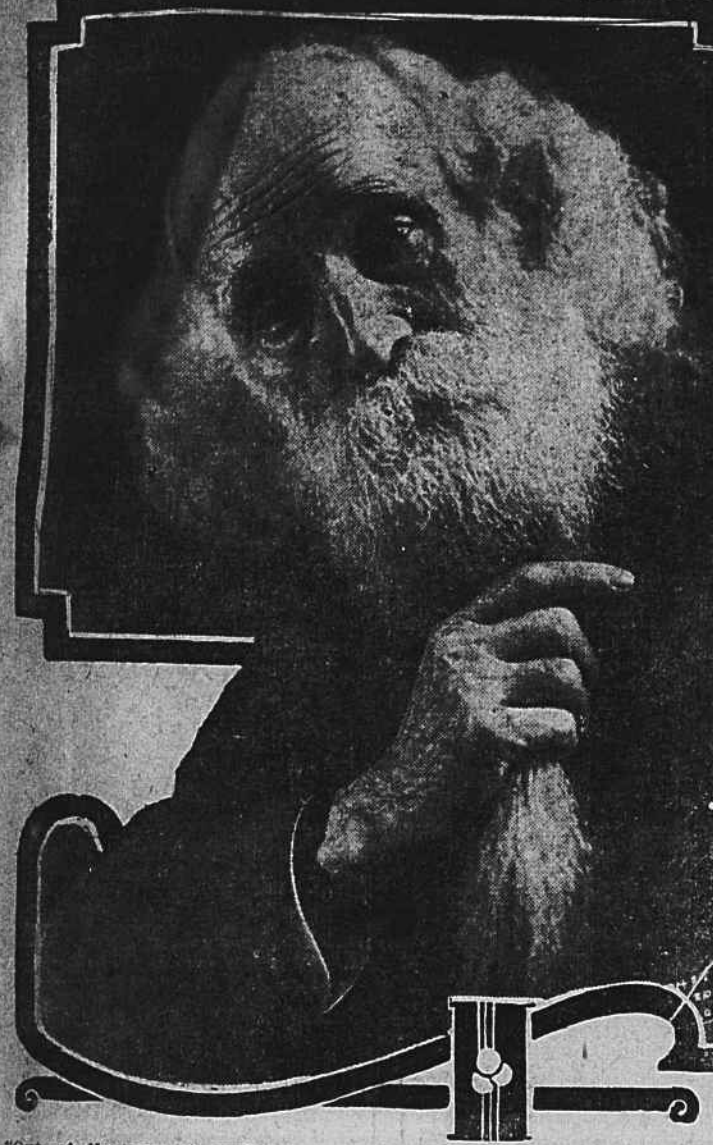


"THOU SHALT NOT KILL!"

Soldier-Philosopher
Who Fought With
Grant and Sherman
and Gave Both His
Sons to the God of
Battle, Tells of the
Folly of War



"Out of the present conflict in Europe will come a new era. There will be no Kaiser of the Germans, no Emperor of the Austrians, no Czar of the Russians. The cannon will be cast into implements for use in the industries, and the battle-ships will be replaced by merchantmen. Men will elect their own presidents and Europe will disarm."

That is the way James W. Whittlesey, soldier, teacher, author, now Grand Warden of the Order of Mary, has read the future.

"War is useless," he says. "War is folly. Why kill each other to please the wrath of kings?"

This coming from a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, who fought at the capture of Vicksburg and was a captain of signal service men with Sherman on his invasion of the South, sounds strange, but Captain Whittlesey no longer considers war a glorious occupation. He describes war as Sherman described it. Although he still firmly believes the North was right in compelling the Southern States to remain in the Union by force of arms, Captain Whittlesey is a firm believer in peace today. While he wears a G. A. R. button on one coat lapel he wears a badge of the Peace Congress on the other.

Whittlesey's war record begins with the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in the Fourth Iowa Infantry Volunteers. He was in all the battles from Pea Ridge to Helena, in Arkansas, and was wounded at Helena. When he recovered he entered recruiting service until able to go on regular duty. He served in the Mississippi Marine Brigade, which cleared the Mississippi River down to Vicksburg, the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers of Confederates. At Vicksburg he was commissioned as an officer of the signal corps, with the rank corresponding in infantry to that of captain.

But it is a long time since the Civil War. Captain Whittlesey is 86 years old. Since that time he has been professor of mathematics and pedagogy in several colleges, and is now a lecturer on astronomy, cosmic life and science. In those fifty years since the war he has had plenty of time to change his views on the glories of shouldering a rifle and shooting at another man.

After the Civil War two sons were born in the Whittlesey home. As they sat around the fireside and listened to the tales of heroism of the soldiers in the great Civil War they were fired with ambition to be fighters, too. They listened with rapt attention to the account of the capture of Vicksburg. For a year the Confederates defended that doomed city. The story of the capture and defense of Vicksburg is one of the most heroic in all the annals of war.

Gen. U. S. Grant, by a series of brilliant campaigns and battles had destroyed the entire field army along the Mississippi River. Union naval commanders had cleared the river of Confederate boats. It remained to capture a few great fortresses, the chief of which was Vicksburg, in order to open the river. Grant surrounded the city, but could not get in. Day after day through summer and winter he dug under the Confederate outer trenches, blowing them up and pressing every advantage. Not until every bite of food was gone, not until all the mules and even rats and mice had been killed for food, would the Confederates lay down their arms.

Even after the Union soldiers had gained the base of the Vicksburg fortifications and burrowed themselves under the walls to prevent the Confederates from killing them with hand grenades, the defenders would not give up. Starvation alone compelled them to yield and the conquering Union troops entered the city distributing food to the starving vanquished.

SONS ARE KILLED

ONE AT A TIME

The sons listened with eagerness

to the stories of adventures with Sherman. As captain of the signal men, Whittlesey often was thrown between the two armies. In those days, the work of hunting out the enemy was done wholly by the signal corps. The signal men always were marks of the sharpshooters. From childhood these boys grew up in a warlike atmosphere. Naturally the elder son joined the Illinois National Guard as soon as he was old enough. Just before the Spanish-American War he was participating in a difficult maneuver when he was killed.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War the other son begged to go with the army. He was only 16 years old, but the father had to yield to the pleadings of the youth and signed the permit for the boy to go. He enlisted in the Missouri First Battery and was wounded in battle. Soon afterwards he died.

Left alone in the world, his wife having died some time previously, Captain Whittlesey has had time to reflect. War robbed him of four years of useful life during the Civil War. War robbed him of his two sons. But the Captain is not bitter in his losses.

"My only regret is that there was no world court of arbitration to which we could have taken our differences," he said one day. "Since there was no such court the United States had to intervene in Cuba. I gave my son as other fathers gave their sons, but I hoped that he would come back to me. There are so many bullets which never hit their mark I was in hopes my son would not be struck."

"The war in Europe is different from the war we had with Spain. They started to fight in Europe because they had guns with which to fight and because everybody was mad at everybody else and afraid, too. There was not the slightest excuse for this war. None of the powers at war with the possible exception of Austria entered for extension of territory. It is true an Austrian Prince had been killed by a Slav, but that did not start the war."

"They fought because they were armed and mad. When two men get mad they will not shoot if they have no arms. When two men have arms they will not shoot unless they are mad. Nations behave as men, for their leaders are men. They had been with time and when the opportune moment arrived they began to shoot. The alignments for this war were made by treaty years ago. Each nation knew which nation it would help."

"Now since the war is started the victors doubtless will take over territory from the vanquished. They will demand this territory for indemnity. With the outbreak of this conflict the rulers in each State realized the opportunities in victory for territorial extension. The terms of peace will include extension of territory. They also will include a general disarmament."

REPUBLICS WILL RISE FROM RUINS OF MONARCHIES.

"Republics will arise from the ruins of the monarchies which will tumble to pieces in this war. Just now the people are being borne on by wild enthusiasm. All are rallying to the support of their colors. But the people do not know what they are doing. They haven't time to think. Now is the time to fight and fight still more. Now is the time to fight until they die. But there will be a reckoning day when the people will ask each other why they allowed themselves to be made into targets by the kings. Then they will rise up as one man and destroy the kings, who oppressed them."

"Then they will establish a peace tribunal. They will lay down their arms and the era of peace and industry will begin. The treaty of peace probably will be signed in



GERHARD SISTERS PHOTOS

JAMES W. WHITTLESEY, made up as Father Time, and also in several characteristic poses.

America. They might sign the treaty at The Hague, but I doubt it. The Hague is too near the scene of hostilities. Should the Allies win, one of their stipulations will be that Germany and Austria disarm. Then the Allies must disarm themselves."

"The people will attend to that. If the Allies do not disarm it means that other wars will come. Russia and England are together in a common cause against Germany, but they are rivals still. Should they choke off Germany from competition they will become competitors themselves. Their interests will cross in Persia, Turkey and in China. But the people will not allow such a contest to be carried to its conclusion. They will scuttle the ships and spike the cannon first."

"This war is more terrible than the Civil War only because more men are engaged. In France the fighting has resolved itself into siege along the longest battle front in the history of the world. It is no ordinary battle. Both sides are fighting in trenches. Their methods of fighting will prolong the war indefinitely. Neither side can attack the other successfully. The only way they can get at the enemy is to dig him out, as Grant did at Vicksburg, and again at St. Petersburg."

"But the digging out is not so easily accomplished. In Civil War days cannon could be depressed and elevated only slightly. At the siege of Vicksburg when we reached the base of the fortifications, the Confederates could not depress their cannon to shoot us. They bravely reached over the edge of the intrenchments, however, and hurled hand grenades at us. Not until we dug under their embankments were we safe from the slaughter. Only by employing far superior numbers were we able to overwhelm the defenders of Vicksburg."

"The inability of the Confederates to depress their cannon is responsible for the Union victory at Lookout Mountain. We were coming up the mountain, which was so steep that it seemed folly to ascend it. It is a difficult task at any time, but it would appear to be more difficult under fire, but the very steepness of the incline was in our favor. The cannon could not be turned down at us, and we swept up the hill beneath the shell of the Confederates."

"In Europe both sides are able to fight a wonderful defensive fight because they are intrenched so securely. It is peril even to win a victory in Europe, because when an advance is made it is right into the trenches of the enemy. The enemy can fight from the sides, pouring a heavy cross-fire into the trenches and kill the advancing men. If you will observe the reports you will see that little advance is made and the longer both sides wait the more difficult ad-

vance will be, because of the better intrenchments."

A Tolstoy Letter.

Tolstoy's letters to his wife, covering the whole period of their joint lives, have been recently made public by the latter. David A. Modell, quoting from the correspondence in the North American Review, includes the following letter written in reply to complaints concerning Tolstoy's widely known indifference to pecuniary and other matters affecting his family. The extracts, says Mr. Modell, "touch the very heart of the issues that divided husband and wife."

I cannot—don't be angry, darling—absorb any importance, whatever to these monetary accounts. These are not events, like, for instance, sickness, marriage, birth, death, acquired knowledge, a good or bad act, the good or bad habits of people near and dear to us; but matters of our own making, which we have arranged one way and can rearrange a hundred different ways.

I know that this (view) often makes you, and always makes the children, very tired (I think it is all well known), but I cannot help repeating that the happiness or unhappiness of us all cannot depend on whether we spend all or save, but only upon what we ourselves are. Supposing you leave a million to Kostinka (one of Tolstoy's sons), will that make him any happier? In order that this (view) should not appear contemptible, one must take a broader and deeper view of life.

Everything shows me that you are very agitated, and this grieves me

know that this is due, not to double dealing, and laziness (in order to avoid effort), but to other reasons, which I do not deem bad ones; therefore, much as I like trying to reform myself, I cannot wish to reform in this respect.

If, as you would say, you think I go to extremes, you need only enter into my motives to see that what I am governed by can have no extremes, because if we are to admit of any halting place on the road to righteousness, it were best not to follow it at all. The nearer one's goal the harder it is to stop and the more intently one runs. For I look upon my life and my family thus and not otherwise, not from whimsicality, but because I came by this view of life in the school of painful experience.

I say all this only that you may have no ill feelings against me, which, I fear, lurk in you. If I am wrong, then please forgive me; if not, eradicate your resentment toward me for remaining here (at Yasnaya Polyana) instead of coming to Moscow. My presence in Moscow, with the family, is well nigh useless; the conditions of that life have a paralyzing effect on me, while the life itself is very repulsive to me—again owing to my general view of life, which I cannot change—and would greatly hinder my work.

I know one thing: that for my peace of mind, and hence happiness, there must be affectionate relations between us, and therefore this is the first condition. If I find that you miss me, or that the separation from all becomes trying to me and work lags, I will come. And there everything will be seen; be it only in love and harmony.

All Is Vanity.

In a garden at Tiflis a beautiful Rose gazing proudly over the flower beds saw a Butterfly fluttering from flower to flower.

"Poor thing," said the Rose. "How short your life is! Today you live. Tomorrow you are no more. But I live and bloom, scattering fragrance and enjoying the radiant sun. I remain ever beautiful."

The Butterfly, hearing these words, answered with pride:

"I can do what you can not. I can fly from garden to garden, from flower to flower. You are a poor prisoner and I pity you. When it rains I can hide from the drops that fall, while you are exposed to the weather. I can find a shady nook if the sun becomes too hot. My life is short, but it is full of merriment. Nor is your life very long. Any storm may uproot you. A wind may tear off your silky petals and throw them to the dust."

At these words the Rose seemed more crimson, and tossing her head said, rather angrily:

"But while I live I am beautiful and fragrant. You are nothing but a worm, even though you do have wings."

For a while it seemed that a real quarrel would ensue. The Butterfly was ready with an angry reply, and the Rose seemed eager to say more unpleasant things. The lady of the house, however, came into the garden, and noticing the fine tint of the indignant Rose, plucked the flower. At the same moment from a neighboring tree a bird came down and caught the Butterfly.

Sure.

"That barn door's nearly off its hinges."

Yawned lazy Tommy Young. "We'll let it fall and kill some one. And then it will be hung."



vance will be, because of the better intrenchments."

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very much—I, e., I feel for you and am pained. I would like to help you, but you know yourself that I cannot do it and that my saying "I cannot" is no mere excuse. All those matters, or at least most of them, that trouble you—such as the education of the children, their progress, money matters, and even publishers' transactions—all these matters seem to me unnecessary and superfluous.

Please don't yield to grief and the desire to reproach (me), for you